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Raphael and Mozart moved, the first appears to me as the mightiest spirit; yet, in the circle where Giulio Romano and Beethoven moved, the balance appears to me to incline very much in favor of the latter. I love such comparisons of congenial spirits, because we are thereby made more clearly acquainted with the peculiar nature of each. In this high development of music, the Germans, with respect to the Fine Arts, must be considered as the most *original* of modern nations, and the only one that can oppose to the sculpture of the ancients, in miraculous perfection, another art which counterbalances it.

## LIBER VERITATIS.

## DEVONSHIRE HOUSE.

THE treasures of art and literature which it contains are of extraordinary value. Besides the rich gallery of paintings, I saw in the Duke's sitting-room, a glass case over a chimney-piece, containing a collection of engraved gems, with some medals, 564 in number, among which I observed several of great value. But how great was my joy, when the Duke, at my request, took down the celebrated *Liber Veritatis*, and allowed me to look it over at my leisure. This was the name given by Claude Lorraine to a book containing drawings by his own hand, of the picture which he had painted. The extraordinary esteem in which his pictures were held, even during his lifetime, induced many painters to execute compositions in his style, the spuriousness of which might be detected by their not being entered in his "Book of Truth." The number of drawings is two hundred. On the reverse of the first a label is pasted, with an inscription in Claude's handwriting, which I here give in his own orthography:

Audi 10 dagosto 1677

ce présent livre Aupartien a moy que je fecit durant  
ma vie Claudio Gélique le lorains  
A Roma ce 28 Aos 1680.

Claude Lorraine was seventy-eight years of age in 1680, and died about two years after. He also wrote on the back of each drawing the number, with his monogram, the place where, and generally the person for whom it was painted, and sometimes the year; but he never omitted the "Claudio fecit." According to his will, this book was to remain as an heirloom in his family, which direction was so faithfully observed by his descendants, that all the pains taken by Cardinal d'Estres, the French ambassador at Rome, to obtain possession of it failed. The later heirs, however, were so little influenced by this species of filial piety, that they sold it for the low price of 200 scudi, to a French jeweller, who sold it again in Holland, whence it came into the possession of the Duke of Devonshire, by whom it is held in due honor. The masterly, light, and delicate mode of the execution, in every gradation, from the slightest to the most finished sketch, really exceed belief. The latter have the effect of finished pictures. By the simple means of a penned outline washed with Indian ink, sepia, or bistre, and heightened with white, the character of every time of the day, a sunny, or a cool misty atmosphere, is expressed; for the general tone of the freshness of the morning, he has most happily made use of blue paper; and for the warm, glowing tone of evening, of sepia. Some are merely drawn with a pen. In one, only, the principal forms are slightly indicated with a black lead pencil, and the broad masses of light laid on in white with a brush.

A PICTURE by Paul de la Roche, is a specimen of the modern French school. It represents Charles I., after his condemnation, insulted by the soldiers of the guard. The resignation of the fallen monarch contrasts strongly

with the rude barbarity of his persecutors. An old soldier, who is moved to tears at the sight, is a relief for the spectator's sympathies. The composition has the usual qualities of this painter—great knowledge, good keeping, and a broad and masterly execution, which extends to the most subordinate parts. At the same time I can only lament that Paul de la Roche and other distinguished artists should have devoted their energies to subjects which show mankind in their misery and degradation, and which every one would rather avoid. It is true that the formative Arts are designed, not only to edify, to encourage, and even to cheer mankind, but, also, by their consoling and elevating beauty, to reconcile the heart to those sufferings which are almost insupportable to witness in reality; but that they should be intended to excite those painful feelings of degradation, so often appealed to in the modern French and also in the Belgian school, it is hardly necessary for me to deny.—Dr. Waagen.

BARON ROTHSCHILD has adorned his rooms with a small, but very choice, collection of paintings, chiefly of the Flemish and Dutch schools, but containing, also, specimens of the Italian, French, and English schools. He possesses, also, a rare selection of vases, as remarkable for the preciousness of their materials as for the beauty of their Art. Among the collection of vases the most valuable is a drinking vessel of an olive-green glass, which, held against the light, assumes the color of a clear ruby. Also, one with Bacchanalian figures of the most overwrought work and of the most debased forms; probably a work of the third or fourth century. I was greatly struck, also, with a cup formed of a brown topaz; the handle, consisting of a dragon in richly enamelled gold, and the foot, ornamented with dragons, figures, and masks, bespeaking the hand of Benvenuto Cellini. I saw here, besides, some beautiful vessels of Limoges enamel, and some splendid specimens of the glass manufactory of Venice.—Dr. Waagen.

ALL inquiries into the music of the ancients, lead to the conviction that their cultivation both of the theoretical, as well as of the instrumental part of music, was very inferior to that of our days, and that, in general, music acted a very subordinate part among them; the often-repeated assertion, that the moderns are far superior to the ancients in painting also, would probably, on closer examination, be found fallacious. From a comparison of the best paintings found in such a small provincial town as Pompeii, with the favorable judgments of the most accomplished of the ancients respecting their paintings, whose standard of art is apparent from their sculpture, it seems to me that we may rather infer, that painting must have attained a very high degree of perfection among them. According to all appearance, it was as much superior to the painting of the moderns in many respects—for instance, in delicacy of drawing and character—as it may have been inferior in others, such as chiaroscuro, and the perspective arrangement of large compositions.—Dr. Waagen.

THORWALDSEN'S CELEBRATED MERCURY, AS THE SLAYER OF ARGUS.—The transition from one action to another, as he ceases to play the syrinx and takes the sword, is expressed with incomparable animation. When at Rome with my friend Schenkel, Thorwaldsen told me how the first idea of this work had occurred to him. Having one day desired a man who was sitting to him as a model for another purpose to rest a little, he accidentally put himself into the attitude of this Mercury. Thorwaldsen's fancy was aroused; he ordered the model to remain as he was, and the result was this highly esteemed work.—Dr. Waagen.

We take the following, by permission of the publishers, from a volume of poems by Fosdick, soon to be issued by Bunce and Brother. It has, to us, a fine feeling for nature, and a poetic enjoyment of common things, which are very rare—Eds. CRAYON.

## THE MAIZE.

"That precious seed into the furrow cast,  
Earliest in spring-time, crowns the harvest last."

PAUL CAREY.

A song for the plant of my own native West,  
Where nature and freedom reside,  
By plenty still crowned, and by peace ever blest,  
To the corn! the green corn of her pride!  
In climes of the East has the olive been sung;  
And the grape been the theme of their lays,  
But for thee shall a harp of the backwoods be strung,  
Thou bright, ever-beautiful Maize!

Afar in the forest where rude cabins rise,  
And send up their pillars of smoke,  
And the tops of their columns are lost in the skies  
O'er the heads of the cloud-kissing oak—  
Near the skirt of the grove, where the sturdy arm swings  
The axe till the old giant sways,  
And echo repeats every blow as it rings,  
Shoots the green and the glorious Maize!

There buds of the buckeye in spring are the first,  
And the willow's gold hair then appears,  
And snowy the cups of the dogwood that burst  
By they red-bud, with pink tinted tears;  
And striped the bowls which the poplar holds up  
For the dew and the sun's yellow rays,  
And brown is the pawpaw's shade-blossoming cup,  
In the wood, near the sun-loving Maize!

When through the dark soil the bright steel of the plough  
Turns the mould from its unbroken bed,  
The ploughman is cheered by the finch on the bough,  
And the black-bird doth follow his tread.  
And idle, afar on the landscape despaired;  
The deep lowing kine slowly graze,  
And nibbling the grass on the sunny hill-side  
Are the sheep, hedged away from the Maize.

With spring-time, and culture, in martial array  
It waves its green broad-swords on high,  
And fights with the gale, in a fluttering fray,  
And the sunbeams, which fall from the sky—  
It strikes its green blades at the zephyrs at noon,  
And at night at the swift flying fays,  
Who ride through the darkness, the beams of the moon,  
Through the spears and the flags of the Maize!

When the summer is fierce still its banners are green,  
Each warrior's long beard growtheth red,  
His emerald-bright sword is sharp pointed and keen,  
And golden his tassel-plumed head;  
As a host of armed knights set a monarch at naught,  
They defy the day-god to his gaze:  
And revived every morn from the battle that's fought,  
Fresh stand the green ranks of the Maize!

But brown comes the Autumn, and sere grows the corn,  
And the woods like a rainbow are dressed,  
And but for the cock, and the noontide's clear horn,  
Old Time would be tempted to rest;  
The humming bee fans off a shower of gold,  
From the mullein's long rod as it sways,  
And dry grow the leaves which protecting enfold  
The ears of the well-ripened Maize.

At length Indian Summer, the lovely, doth come,  
With its blue frosty nights, and days still,  
When distantly clear sounds the waterfall's hum,  
And the sun smokes ablaze on the hill!  
A dim veil hangs over the landscape and flood,  
And the hills are all mellowed in haze,  
While Fall creeping on, like a Monk 'neath his hood  
Plucks the thick rustling wealth of the Maize.

And the heavy wains creak to the barns large and grey,  
Where the treasure securely we hold,  
Housed safe from the tempest, dry sheltered away,  
Our blessing more precious than gold!  
And long for this manna that springs from the sod,  
Shall we gratefully give Him the praise,  
The source of all bounty, our Father and God,  
Who sent us from heaven the Maize!